

BRU STREET MISCELLANY.

In Prose and Verse.

David

CONTAINING

Jones.

A Poem upon the 14th
Palms

I. The Pleasures of a Country
Life in a Letter to a Friend.

II. Verses on Mrs. S—

V. A Petition of several of the
Inhabitants of the County humbly
presented to the Parliament.

VI. The Wife in a Letter to a
Friend.

VII. A Poem on the Day of
Judgment.

VIII. A Song

IX. An

X. Verses to E—

XI. The

XII. A Song

XIII. The

and the

XIV. A Letter in Prose.

XV. A Letter to the Author
shewing who are properly
living Members of the State.

XVI. A Hunting Song.

XVII. The

XVIII. Verses on the Spring.

XIX. On Love.

XX. The Power of Love.

Song. To the Tune
When Beauty does her Power

XXI. A

XXII. A

XXIII. A

XXIV. A

XXV. A

XXVI. A

XXVII. A

XXVIII. A

XXIX. A

XXX. A

XXXI. A

XXXII. A

XXXIII. A

XXXIV. A

XXXV. A

XXXVI. A

XXXVII. A

XXXVIII. A

XXXIX. A

Written by N. Jones, F. G. E.

Readers, unless do you find that Nature seize you,
The Devil's in't if you don't love, will please you.

L O N D O N

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THE
GRUB-STREET
MISCELLANY.

A PARAPHRASE on the 18th Psalm.

Ab Jove Principium

I.
ROUSE, Rouse, my Soul, and praise Jehovah's
His Power proclaim

The World around;

Let distant Hills repeat the Sound,

Eccho the Valleys and the Rocks resound:

Let list'ning Worlds his Glory hear,

Adore their Maker, and his Name revere!

B

IL

2 The Grub-street Miscellany.

II

Justice and Truth to him belong,
But most his Goodness claims my Song.
Winds, on your Wings his Praises bear;
Whose wond'rous Love redeem'd me from Despair!
Plung'd in Distress,
To Heav'n I look;
Swifter than Thought th' Almighty came,
Cherubs and Cherubims, his March proclaim
The harness'd Winds his Chariot drew,
(Of sulph'rous Clouds
The Carr was form'd)
Before him flew
Whirlwinds, and Hurricans, and Storms.
Darkness his secret Glory shrouds;
But from his vengeful Eye
Flashes of livid Lightning fly,
And his dread Voice in Thunder shakes the Sky.
Nature the Lord's Approach confess:
The Mountains nod,
Earth trembled as he rode,
And to her Centre shook.

The Grub Street Miscellany.

III.

Confusion, Shame, and Fear

Seiz'd on my Foes, when God drew near;

Soon as the Lord his Arm display'd,

They fled confounded and dismay'd.

Lord of the World to thee I bow,

To whom I all my Safety owe!

Thy boundless Power

Let Earth, and Seas, and Skies adore.

All Nature in their Songs of Praise

Thy Glory raise, to I

And put their Trust

In thee, thou Refuge of the just

A LETTER from a Friend in the Country to one in Town.

BE not surpriz'd, dear B——, tho' you see

The Hand of one who's still a Friend to thee;

Tho' many a Rock and Mountain do us part,

Yet still thou reign'st supreme within my Heart.

Pardon my Fondness, for I long to hear
The Health of one I ever held most dear,
Nor term that Flattery I meant sincere.
Whilst you at *B—nths* or *Mill—mps* take your Glass,
And first-rate Beauties round the Table pass;
Or greater Joys, and Satisfaction find,
Within the Confines of a female Mind:
Amidst these Joys receive my rustick Rhyme,
Nor whilst you're reading, think it Loss of Time.

The Time has been that we have both been blest;
You of the Bottle, I of you possess:
The Joys of *Bacchus* often gave Delight,
Kind *Venus* present, at approaching Night.
Often beneath some friendly Shade we've sat,
And spent the Minutes in diverting Chat;
With many a pleasing Tale and chearful Song
You've lash'd Old Time, and drove the Hours along:
Hours to've heard you sing would gladly stay;
But hoary Time admits of no Delay.

The Time has been: But those gay Hours are past,
Why could they not alas! for ever last!

Thy

Thy Absence, B—, gives me real Pain;
But when I think that we're to meet again,
The very Thought does grateful Joy impart,
And a sweet Transport dwells within my Heart.

O sacred Friendship, Bliss of Saints above,
Compos'd of gentle Harmony and Love,
What to thy Goodness do we Mortals owe,
The Source of all our Happiness below!
Without thee we'd been Brutes, nay worse than those;
Beasts join with Beasts to overcome their Foes!

Forgive me now, nor think my Verses rude,
If on your Patience farther I intrude;
Describe the Pleasures which I here enjoy;
The Rural Sports that do my Time employ;
When Sol begins to shew his golden Head,
And faintly glitters on the Mountain Head.
Then through the Shades of Sleep I urge my Way,
And with the Sun begin the Work of Day;
Who would their Hours on downy Pillows waste,
And not the Sweets of balmy Nature taste?
When fragrant Zephyrs waft their Odours round,
And wake the Flowers with their gentle Sound.

When

Then down off the dim'gus Hare pull they
E'er the warm Sun has lick'd the cool Dew
Swift o'er the Plain the nimble Game does fly,
Whilst Dogs with Musick charm the list'ning Sky.
The well breath'd Coursers tear the trembling ground,
Spring o'er the Hills and overleap each Mound,
And uncontroll'd pursue the flying Sound.
Thus does the Pleasure to each Man impart
Strength to the Nerves, and Vigour to the Heart.

Sometimes with Fire and Shots impetuous Force
We stop the Partridge in her airy Course;
And when the Weather does provoke to try
The Ruddy Duck, or the wild Mallard;
Whole Cotes I fall a Victim in our Net
Oft does our Hook the tre'd'ious Fish betray
Where gentle *Severn* cuts his silver Way
Delightful *Sedona* in whose cozy Bed
The golden Carp and ruddy Salmon's bred;
With many others of the nobler Kind,
Too many in this Sheet to be confin'd.

Some

An Honour to role their kind Amour's length;
In the Friend and Glass we double Virtues find;
One charms the Heart, whilst t'other charms the Mind.

And when the Pleasures of the Day are o'er,
I seek my Books, where I'm possib' of more;
But to describe those Beauties, were a Task too
Too great for me to write, or you to ask;
What tho' from Books I were intirely free,
I read my Lesson when I think of thee;
Where sweet Behaviour with good Nature's joyn'd,
And all that in our Sex we hope to find.

You'll think perhaps, with all these Pleasures blest,
No longer *Cupid* reigns within my Breast;
The Youth is fly, nor will his Power yield,
But haunts the Cottage and the verdant Field.
The Plains of *Salop* can their Beauties boast,
As bright as any on the *British* Coast.
Here Beauty reigns without the Help of Arts,
And Pride's a Stranger to their honest Hearts;

But

But tho' nor Pride nor Flattery they possess;
Think not, my Friend, their virtue e're the less.

Thus has my Muse th' unequal Task pursu'd,
Unskill'd in Verse, and in Description rude.

More she would sing; but fearing to offend,
The more exalted Genius of her Friend,
She stops her Course, intending e're 'tis long,
Her Pinions strengthen'd, to renew her Song.

On Mrs. S----- H-----

WITHOUT Affectation witty,
Without Pride she's wond'rous pretty;
She loves to talk, to laugh and jest,
To Virtue still a Friend profess.
Great is her Sense, and great her Skill,
For Reason always guides her Will;
Civil to all, to all she's just,
And faithful to her Friend and Trust:
Her Character, in short, is such,
That none can love, or praise too much.

*To the Right Honourable the COMMONS
of England assembled in Parliament.
The humble Petition of the several
Inhabitants of the Provinces of Oul-
ster and Konagh in the Kingdom of
Ireland,*

Most humbly sheweth,

THAT whereas it is thought expedient by the
Wisdom of this Honourable House, to main-
tain a certain Number of Forces in the Pay of
Great Britain for the Support and Defence of his
Majesty's Dominions in ——— And whereas it
hath been, or at least may be made appear to this
Honourable House by several worthy, ingenious, and
well dispos'd Members of the same, *who are perfectly
well acquainted with the Situation of the Country,*
that a Body of *Irish* Recruits may be as easily and
expeditiously transported into *Holland*, in case there
should be any Occasion for 'em, as they can be from
any Part of *Germany*— And whereas the afore-cited
Provinces of *Oulster* and *Konagh* are by the great
number of Bogs and Quagmires every where abound-
ing render'd almost uninhabitable, we the said Pe-
titioners do humbly beseech your Honours (the
Premises consider'd) to grant that such a number of
Forces, as the Wisdom of your Honours shall think
necessary, be kept in *Ireland* in the Pay of *Great
Britain* for the Service of his Majesty; and that they
be employ'd *pro tempore* in clearing and levelling the
aforesaid Bogs and Quagmires, by which means great

C

Num-

Numbers of Vagrants, and idle disorderly Persons, who are at present very troublesome to many of his Majesty's good and well-disposed Subjects will be kept employ'd, and those Parts of the Country, which are now wild and desolate, will be render'd habitable and commodious; both which we apprehend will be very beneficial to the Inhabitants of this Kingdom.

We humbly refer these Circumstances to your Honours Consideration, and pray for such Relief as this Honourable House shall think most convenient.

*And your Petitioners, as in Duty bound,
shall ever pray, &c.*

The Wish: In a Letter to a Friend.

TO You, dear Sir, this humble Scroll I send,
Pardon the poor, rough Verses of a Friend;
Permit me in these rude, unpolish'd Strains,
To vent my Wishes, and to breathe my Pains.
Oh! would some Star preside with friendly Rays,
And suffer me to hail those happy Days,
When shelter'd underneath a green Retreat,
Above the Scorn, below the Rage of Fate;
Blest in my God, my Friends, and Books alone;
To this mad World and all its Plagues unknown;

Each

Each smooth pac'd Hour should sweetly pass away,
A happy Night should close a happy Day,
And I in Innocence and Quiet live,
The greatest Good that Heav'n to Man can give.
Did the gay Play-things of fantastic Fate,
Who toil for Pow'r, and bustle to be great,
But know the more exalted Joy, that dwells
In lonely Cots and unfrequented Cells;
They'd loath the painful Splendor of a Crown,
And to their Quiet sacrifice Renown.
Wou'd gracious Heav'n, indulgent to my Pray'r,
To the fond Wishes of my Muse give Ear;
Far from this Town I'd have a rural Seat,
Pretty, not grand; and this not gay, yet neat.
Nor *Verrio's* Hands should grace my simple Rooms,
Nor *Therick's* Labours of the *Persian* Looms:
But artless Neatness through the whole shou'd shine:
All shou'd look plain, and all shou'd look like mine.
Round it in Lands five hundred Pounds a Year,
From all Incumbrances and Taxes clear,
To keep me above Want, Pride, or Fear.
At Dawn and Close of each revolving Day,
My little House their social Vows shou'd pay.

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My flowing Table always shou'd abound
With ev'ry Product of the Season crown'd.
The neighb'ring Poor by turns shou'd share my Board,
And bless the lib'ral Steward of the Lord.
Such Friends as you, and such alone shou'd come,
With Freedom to my hospitable Dome.
Plain Words, an *English* Heart, and *English* Fare,
Is all that you must hope to meet with there.
But then to crown the Master's honest Feast,
And give the better Welcome to his Guest;
All the bright Wits that *France* could ever boast,
Or greater Geni of the *Latian* Coast,
Shou'd our soft Hours alternately refine,
Give Relish to our Meats, and Spirit to our Wine.
Sometimes I'd ramble through the verdant Grove,
And with *Maria* taste the Joys of Love.
Sometimes with florid *Bourdeaux* stain the Bowl,
Inflame my Muse, and raise my drooping Soul.
Sometimes I'd stretch my self beside a Stream,
And cultivate a profitable Theme.
And as the Hours and Waters rolled along,
I'd frame some simple Verse, or raise some pious
Song.

Thus

Thus the calm Stream of Life shou'd glide away,
With a smooth Current to th' eternal Sea :
As gentle *Medway* flows in silver Streams
To the fair Bosom of Imperial *Thames*.

Let the unthinking Race of Mortals run,
Eager to grasp what most they ought to shun,
Let those, whom fond deluded Men call great,
For Honours, Titles and the Posts of State ;
For Pomp, for Shew, for Glitter and for Noise,
For shadowy Vanities, and tinsel Joys,
Barter their Peace on Earth and Heav'n's substan-
tial Joys.

Let those, that dare be ruin'd, launch for me,
On the rough Billows of Life's boist'rous Sea ;
I'll keep my little Bark within the Port,
Nor urge my Destiny, nor Ruin court.
Would I a filken Scarf or Mitre gain,
(They're lost with Ease, acquir'd with endless Pain)
I must adore some haughty stupid Lord,
Observe his Looks, and crouch at every Word ;
Applaud the Nonsense, tremble at the Nod
Of some gay Worm that thinks himself a God,

I scorn

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I scorn to be the despicable Tool
Of any Golden Calf, or Garter'd Fool.
No more I ask; grant but this Boon kind Heav'n :
Place me, O ! place me on some humble Scene,
Free from ambitious Hopes and guilty Fears,
The great Man's Honours, and the great Man's Cares :
There let me live unknown in Piety and Ease ;
There let me die unknown in Charity and Peace !

On the Day of JUDGMENT.

I.

PARENT of all Things ! mighty Lord !
The spacious Tracts of Earth and Sea,
Obey'd thy all commanding Word ;
Thou spak'st, and they began to be.
Say but the fatal Sentence, Be no more :
They'll know thy Sov'raign Voice, and own thy Pow'r.

II.

Hark ! the loud Storms of Thunder roll, -
Flashes of livid Lightning fly.

Methinks

Methinks, I hear the bursting Pole,
And see the Fragments of the Sky.
The Time is come, foretold by ancient Seers,
That we must sink beneath the Load of Years.

III.

Portentous Meteors, Comets blaze
In solemn Pomp, an awful Scene,
Profusely shed their baleful Rays
Round the Circumference of Heav'n.
As gleaming Flambeaux to a Fun'ral come,
They light expiring Nature to her Tomb.

IV.

The golden Orbit of the Sun
Mantled in mourning Weeds appears ;
His social suffering Ball, the Moon,
Melts to a Sea of bloody Tears.
The pale-ey'd Stars, like wasting Lamps, expire,
Shrink in their Orbs and flash a dying Fire.

V.

All the Artillery of the Air,
Discharge their Stores of Storm and Flame,

Our

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Our tumbling Globe asunder tare,
And desolate th' Etherial Frame.
Confusion and old Chaos once again
O'er the wide Face of Nature stretch their Reign.

VI.

Hark the Archangel's Trumpets sound,
The slumb'ring World that once had Breath,
The Nations cloister'd under-ground,
Start from the long Repose of Death.
These with triumphant *Euges* greet the Light:
These curse the Day, and fain wou'd sink in Night.

VII.

Brigades of Cherubs line the Air;
The second of the great Three—One
Dreadfully glorious mounts a Star,
Distinguish'd for his Judgment Throne.
Kingdoms, and Empires, and Worlds draw near,
From his decisive Word their Doom to hear.

VIII.

To all the chosen Sons of Grace,
He speaks with an inviting Voice;

But

But the rebellious, harden'd Race
He spurns from Heaven and all its Joys.
Fly far, ye Wretches, these bright Courts above!
For ever feel my Rage, for once ye scorn'd my Love.

IX.

For ever! ah! for ever! fatal Sound;
Like the keen Shaft of an envenom'd Dart,
That prints an ever-fest'ring Wound,
On each despairing Sinner's Heart.
Down, down they sink to the black Lake below;
And there in Streams of boiling Sulphur glow:

X.

Methinks I hear the Wretches howl,
The Clank of Adamantine Chains;
See the wild Horror of each Soul,
Compounded Woe, immortal Pains.
Hell op'ning wide its all devouring Womb,
And the damn'd Millions plung'd into its Gloom.

XI.

While blessed Souls with Glory crown'd,
In radiant Pomp ascend the Skies,

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Thro' all the azure Vault the Sound
Of chearful Hallelujahs rise.
Salem's bright Rooms their shining Valves unfold,
Blazing with starry Gems and burning Gold.

A S O N G.

COME, *Cyprian* Goddess, lend thy Aid,
And warm my Bosom with thy Fire ;
Exert thy Pow'r o'er the Maid,
The fatal Cause of my Desire.
Relieve my Soul from curst Despair,
And make her kind as she is fair.
So may we ever sing thy Praise ;
So may thy Altars ever blaze.

II

Let little *Cupids* hover round
Her silken Bed each Night she rests ;
Melting her Soul with soothing Sounds,
And dictate how she may be blest.

And

'And as you wou'd your Father *Jove*
Assist, when sily he makes love ;
Tho' ne'er so strong she may deny ;
Yet grant at last she may comply.
So may we ever sing, &c.

*An EPITHALAMIUM upon the Marriage
of a quondam Mistress.*

HAIL, thou bright Parent of the Day !
Auspicious shine on the blest Pair ;
Emit a kinder Ray ;
And ev'ry Hour,
While circling Years
Roll round their Spheres,
Perpetual Blessings show'r
On him the happy Man, and her the beauteous fair.

II.

Let meaner Breasts with Envy pine,
I boast a Soul of nobler Mould ;

The Godlike Fire,
Which Beauty did inspire,
Still animates my Mind :

The noble Passion I remember yet ;
And what once charm'd my Heart, now fires my Wit.
Cynthia still employs my Song,
Cynthia charming, gay, and young.

See where she lies clasp'd in her Lover's Arms,
Secure from fatal Harms,
Of ev'ry Joy posselt !
O may this happy Pair,
Propitious Heaven, employ thy Care,
Till Fate shall call 'em to the Realms above ;
Where they shall join in endless Love,
And in each other be for ever blest.

Verses to S— L— Gent.

I.

THIS Poem I send
To *Kensington's* End,
To find out a merry young Bard there ;

Whose

Whose Mind is discerning,
Who lives by his Learning,
Exempt from all Trouble and Care.

II.

Who breaks down the Trenches
Of all the young Wenches,
And laughs at the Form of dull Wedlock;
Who reckons a Wife
The Plague of Man's Life;
But approves of a Wench on a Haycock.

III.

Who's merry or grave,
Can spend or or can save;
But loves his dear Bottle and Friend:
Robs his Neighbour of none,
Is content with his own,
And cares not how soon comes his End.

The Battle of the Muses in Somerset Gardens.

Bella, borida Bella. Virg.

Wrote under the Piazza.

Scrib. Post Voluptatem Misericordia.

Laur. **S**O Gallants, 'tis too frequently your Hap,
After Enjoyment to procure a Clap.

Bav. This Poet I fancy has done Penance,
And supports Verse by his Experience.

Laur. If thou dost not, I'm sure thou ought'st to
know it,
That such D--nd Rhimes will never dub thee
Poet.

Bav. It is beneath me to reply in Verse;
So in plain Prose, poor Poet, kiss my A--se.

Laur. Thy Verse is rank. Verse did I call it? No;
'Tis such vile Jargon, and so much below
A Man of Sense, I guess the Author Beau.

Mevius

Mevius to Bavius.

Would'st thou, dull Coxcomb, be esteem'd a Poet?
You're none, by G—d; so leave off writing now you
know it.

Laur. to Mev.

Superior Merit claims the Poets Praise;
The Prize is yours, and I resign the Bays.
So 'twixt the fainting Lion and the Bear,
The Crafty Fox slipt in, and stole the Hare.

Verses upon the Royal Oak.

HAIL! Royal Arbour, sacred Tree,
Refuge to injur'd Majesty!

Great Charles, the blessed Martyr's Heir,
Conceal'd was in thy Branches here.

II.

No impious Traitors had the Power
To violate thy sacred Bower,
Where Heaven Guards good Angels are;
The Devil has no Power there.

III.

What shall we do, most noble Tree,
To celebrate thy Memory?
Let *Britain's* Nymphs once every Year
In Honour gilded Branches wear,

IV.

Let every Virgin's Snuff-box be
Adorn'd with Pictures of the Tree;
And let heroick Bards rehearse
Thy noble Deeds in noble Verse.

V.

In Strains eternal let 'em sing
Thy loyal Service to thy King:

Oak first preserv'd the Monarch here;
Oak then convey'd him from all Fear;

Oak brought him o'er to's native Shore;
Oak hang'd the Traitor: What cou'd Oak do more?

*A SONG, to the Tune of, The Lass
of Patie's Mill.*

I.

THE Charming *Whiteball* Maid,
So bonny, blithe and gay,
Has *Cupid's* Wiles display'd,
And stole my Heart away.
As o'er the Park she trips,
With Dignity and Grace,
Love hangs upon her Lips,
And wantons round her Face.

II.

When Musick is her Choice,
Love dwells upon her Tongue;
It is an Angel's Voice,
That warbles in her Song.

E

How

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How lucky is the Lad,
To whom she'll grant a Smile;
The Look will make him glad,
And all his Cares beguile.

III.

O had I Store of Wealth,
A Crown to grace my Brow;
Had I long Life and Health,
And Pleasure to bestow;
To her they shou'd be paid,
To none but bonny She;
The Charming *Whitehall* Maid
Shou'd share the same with me.

The FABLE of the Dog and Raven.

A *Raven* once, no little Sinner,
Invites a neighb'ring Cur to Dinner;
To whom he long time ow'd a Spight,
And was resolv'd himself to right.

Sir *Dog*, quoth he, altho' my Feast
Will be too mean for such a Guest ;
Yet, Sir, for Conversation sake
My homely Chear for once partake.

The *Dog* with Pleasure heard the Bird,
And said, he'd take him at his Word ;
Thank'd him for his Invitation,
The civilest Bird in all the Nation !
A thousand Compliments b'ing past,
The *Raven* wing'd him home with Haste ;
But told him Dinner would be done
Precisely at the Stroke of One.

Poor *Tray*, impatient for the Hour,
Thinking how much he shou'd devour ;
About the House walk'd to and fro,
And curs'd old Time that mov'd so slow.
At length the House-Clock gave the Sound,
And *Tray* leapt o'er the Garden Mound ;
Through Hedge and Ditch he forc'd his Way,
Nor highest Walls cou'd make him stay.

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Not eager Hounds so swift pursue
The trembling Hare, when she's in view.
Swifter not *Scythian* Arrows are,
That sing along the yielding Air.
The Puppy now approaching near :
“ One Moment stay, your Guest is here.”

Then casting up his eager Eye,
He saw the *Raven* mounted high
Upon the top of some tall Oak,
Who saw the Whelp, and thus bespoke :
And are you come, good Sir, at last ;
Pray walk up stairs and share the Feast :
My House is odd upon my Word,
But good enough for such a Bird ;
Therefore, kind Sir, *sans Ceremon*,
Pray use my Table as your own.

The *Dog* perceiv'd the base Intent,
But wou'd not then the Wrong resent ;
And thus return'd the Compliment.
I thank you for your sumptuous Treat,
But have no Stomach 'faith, to eat.

Yet

Yet, 'pon my Soul, I'm pleas'd to find,
A Fowl of such a gen'rous Mind.
I only just stept here, to tell you,
I cou'd not stay, to fill my Belly;
But instant, back again must run,
To tend my Master, and his Gun;
And hope, sweet Sir, you'll be so free,
To-morrow noon to dine with me.
Altho' my Dinner won't be great,
I hope you'll condescend to eat.
When the twelfth Hour assaults the Ear,
I shall expect your Worship there.
The Bird inviting, wanted little,
Swore he'd obey him to a Tittle.

Tray took his Leave, and Home retir'd,
And now Revenge his Bosom fir'd.
For coming Home he stamp'd and swore,
Finding all Dinner there was o'er,
And other Dogs had been before.

To Pantry Door he went, and scratch'd,
And found it, to his Joy, unlatch'd.

Around

30 *The Grub-street Miscellany.*

Around the Place he cast his Eyes,
 And on the topmost Shelf espies
 Of Mutton Bone, a friendly Blade,
 Which careful was laid up by Maid.
 Then standing on his hindmost Feet,
 Within his Jaws receiv'd the Meat.
 And unperceiv'd, away he stole,
 And comforted his hungry Soul.

Then having pickt the Bone, with Care,
 He laid it by for next Day's fare.
 For had he been to've had his Wish,
 A Mutton Bone's his favourite Dish.
 And recollecting on the Joke,
 Was put upon him in the Oak ;
 And with Revenge, his Mind full fraught,
 He vented thus the pleasing Thought :
 Since Monsieur Bird, you've serv'd me so,
 The Affront shall not unpunish'd go.
 To morrow thou'lt expect to see,
 A noble Feast prepar'd for thee ;
 And who wou'd baulk thy gentle Wishes,
 Sure thou deserv'st the Dish of Dishes.

Yet

Yet if you can't a Bone digest,
You must, sweet Sir, excuse the Jest.
To-morrow came, the Bird appear'd,
Tray set the Dinner in the Yard.

Sir *Raven*, pray be free, draw near,
You'll find no Dinner, but what's here.
In all my Treats, I ne'er pretend,
To make a Stranger of my Friend.
So if you can with this dispense,
You are as welcome as a Prince,
O nothing better, Sir, I swear,
If I had wrote the Bill of Fare.
Then in an Instant seiz'd the Prize,
And swift ascending Homeward flies.
The Dog repents his foolish Wit,
And curst his Stars that he was bit.
With empty Stomach down he lay,
And found no Victuals all that Day.

M O R A L

By this plain Fable we are taught,
Revenge is often dearly bought.
That, when with base Revenge we burn,
We our own Foes, not others turn.

A Lesson

A Letter out of the Country to a Friend in Town.

I Receiv'd thine from the milky Way, and were it lawful for us here *apud Umbras*, to ascend to you Mortals, I wou'd have come myself; but since *dura Necessitas* keeps us here within the *Rubus Stygia*, you must be contented with a Letter, except, like *Aeneas*, you will pay us a Visit in *propria Persona*. I have not Time to give thee a particular Account of the State of our Affairs here, which is none of the best, upon many Accounts; particularly the Company is so bad, that there is not an honest Fellow near us, with whom a Body may crack a Bottle; an Affliction you know the most grievous to me that can be. But I comfort myself with Hopes that *Pluto*, who is a good honest Fellow in his Way, and always lov'd Wenching and Drinking immoderately, will give me a Permission to come *ad duras apertas* e'er long, and then we shall pay off, with Interest, all that we are indebted to the Bottle.

But in plain Prose, I cannot come to Town without the Expence of a Coach, which I don't care to be at, having no Business there at present, worth putting myself to that Charge for, and I am, *more poetico*, thine to the *Antipodes*.

From my Lodging in
Pluto's Garret, near
the Windmill,

A Letter

*To the Author of the Grub-street
Miscellany.*

Friend Bavy,

BEING inform'd of your Design of publishing a Miscellany, I have sent you the following Letter, which if you think proper to incert among your other Lucubrations, you may perhaps do the Publick a piece of Service, and at the same Time oblige your humble Servant,

Eugenio.

A certain great Man, who is now alive, and will continue so a great many Ages hence, tho' in the vulgar Opinion he be dead, once ask'd; what is Life? But there happening to be no body by to resolve so knotty and abstruse a Question, he thought proper, rather than it should want one, to answer it himself; and reply'd, that it is to be Free. But begging that Gentleman's Pardon, I think that Solution too confin'd, and not calculated for all Climates, for in that Sense, every individual Subject of *Great-Britain* may be said to be alive; whereas I shall in the following Essay endeavour to make it appear, that great Numbers of People (no Offence to any Man of Quality whatsoever) tho' they stalk about and make a great bustle, as tho' they were alive; nay, and perform all the common Offices of Life, as eating, drinking, &c. are yet actually dead.

Life then, according to *Sallust*, consists in a regular Exercise and Improvement of those Faculties which Nature has given us in distinction from Beasts.

"The Mind, says he, is the governing Faculty,
"the

“ the Body only it's Instrument or Servant; the
 “ one we enjoy in common with the Gods, the o-
 “ ther with Brutes. Men therefore, who giving
 “ themselves up to Sensuality and Idleness, neglect to
 “ improve and cultivate their Minds, are in reality
 “ no other than dead; because both their Life and
 “ Death are equally disregarded; but he only seems
 “ to live or enjoy Life, who endeavours to perpe-
 “ tuate his Memory by the Practice of Virtue.

From this Definition of *Sallust's* arises another:
 Life is the due Discharge of all those Offices incum-
 bent upon us to our Maker, our Country, and our-
 selves; and as soon as a Man fails in these Particu-
 lars, he is immediately inroll'd among the Number
 of the Defunct. The first of these I leave to the
 learned Gentlemen of the Black Robe, and shall on-
 ly hint a few Observations concerning the two last,
viz. our Country and ourselves.

Nature that does nothing in vain, has implant-
 ed in us a Desire of Society, and to this End
 has endowed us with Reason or Speech. 'Tis this
 Privilege, or rather the Use of it, that sets us
 above the mute Creation. *Cicero* has finely describ'd
 this natural Inclination to Society in the following
 manner: *Natura vi rationis hominem conciliat ho-*
mini, & ad orationis, & ad vitæ societatem; ingene-
ratque imprimis præcipuum quendam amorem in eos, qui
procreati sunt; impellitque ut hominum coetus, & cele-
britates & esse, & se obiri velit; ob easque causas stu-
deat parare ea, quæ suppeditant & ad cultum, & ad
victum; nec sibi soli, sed conjugii, liberis, cæterisque,
quos caros habeat, tuerique debeat. *Off.* 12.

Cicero here speaks only of Society between par-
 ticular Persons, and the Care every one ought to take
 to foment and keep alive such a mutual Correspon-
 dence; how much greater then is the Obligation
 upon us, to support, as far as we are able, the ge-
 neral Community of which we are Members? The

wisest

wisest and best of Men in all Ages have thought this their greatest Glory. *Orpheus* and *Amphion* are feign'd to have charm'd not only Lions and Tygers, and other Savage Creatures, but even Trees and Rocks by the Force of Musick; because by their Wisdom and Philosophy they reduc'd Mankind, which was before wild and uncultivated, to Order and Society. But as it is impossible for any Individual to subsist without the Assistance of the Whole, or at least some Part of the Species, so neither can the whole be maintain'd without the concurring Aid of each Individual. As in the Natural, so in the Political Body each Member is design'd to be subservient to the Health and good Disposition of the whole; nor is there any Person so minute and inconsiderable, that is not capable some way or other of being serviceable to his Country.

Justice, Temperance, Prudence, Diligence and Fortitude are the chief, nay the only Supports of Society; and whoever he be that does not by some of these Virtues contribute to the Good of the Community to which he belongs, can no more be reckon'd a living Member of that Community, than the Puppets at *Bartholomew-Fair* are real, living Actors. But numberless are the Persons who seem design'd for only mute Characters to make a flourish, and fill up a Place upon the Stage of human Life, and then make their Exit without saying, or doing any thing to the purpose. I wish I could not say, that the greatest part of our first-rate *Beaux* and *Pretty Fellows* must be reckon'd among this mute Number. These are a sort of Animals, whose Reason and Estates too seem given 'em only to make 'em more ridiculous; for had they been born in any other Sphere of Life, they had probably been overlook'd among the common Lumber of the Creation; but when the Eye is attracted with the Glitter of Gold and Silver Lace, the Expectation is naturally rais'd

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to meet with something more than ordinary in a Person so distinguish'd by Fortune; whereas upon Examination we generally find, that the only distinguishing Quality they have about 'em, is an empty Skull. These Creatures are continually in as great a Bustle, as tho' they had the Care of Three Kingdoms upon their Hands; the first Secretary of State is in less Hurry on Post-days, and sends about fewer Dispatches; when very likely all this Bustle and Precipitation is only about the elegant Choice of a Snuff-box or Sword-knot. In short, their whole Lives are a continued Series of Folly and Impertinence; the Dressing-Room, the Tavern, and the Play-house are their chief Scenes of Action; and they never think soberly upon any thing, except it be when they resolve never to think at all.

Now in the Name of Goodness what Account can we give of this sort of People? They move, 'tis true, and we commonly say that Motion is a Sign of Life; but since they are deficient in the Discharge of all the Offices of a living Member of human Society, we pronounce 'em dead.

The next Class of People that falls under our Consideration (tho' something more excusable than the former) is that Part of the Creation, which is commonly known by the Appellation of *Fine Ladies*. But here I expect to be attack'd by a whole *Posse* of *Beaux* and *Belles*, who affirm that Ladies are by the Privilege of their Constitutions exempted from discharging the Offices of Virtue, and those other Functions, which seem more immediately the Province of Men. I confess indeed, that the Offices of Women are less extensive, and fall into a much narrower Channel, than those of Men; but since Ladies are endow'd with Reason as well as Men, and formed with Minds capable of the noblest Ends, I don't see any Reason we have to suppose, they were given 'em merely to squander away upon Folly and Trifles

fies. It being therefore supposed, that Ladies are under an Obligation (tho' in a lower degree) of discharging the Offices of Society, we will enquire a little into their Conduct to see how it answers to this Standard. And here I will give you a Picture of a Lady's Life, as I find it drawn by a great Master.

About Ten she rises and drinks Chocolate, and then sits down to consider how she shall saunter away the Day. This is a weighty Concern, and requires Ploding and Deliberation, so that the Day is many times half gone before she can fix upon a Method of spending it; nay, with much more Ease might she have spent the whole Day well, than in barely considering how to trifle it away. This Point being adjusted, in comes *Betty*, and with her a whole Regiment of Powders, Patch-boxes, Essences, and Perfumes, which she ranges in military Order round the Room. And now her Ladiship enters upon the great Work of the Day; four Hours, after a moderate Computation, are taken up in powdering, combing, and sitting on all the little Nick-nacks that compose a fine Lady's Equipage; and by that time she has stroak'd her Lap-dog, and given some private Orders to her Chamber-maid, in comes Dinner; down she sits, not to eat, but find fault: This is too high-season'd, that too low; one thing's too lean, another too fat; every thing displeases her, till a Letter from her favourite Admirer effectually cures her Spleen: This smooths her Brow, calms her Temper, and sweetens her Blood. She steps into her Coach, drives to *Ludgate-hill*, thence to the Exchange, and at her Return calls in at *Cheapside*; here she cheapens Silk, China and Perfumes, and orders her Merchant to bring her an *Indian Monkey*. From hence she coaches back to the Ring, where she supposes every body admires her; she asks who's come to Town, who's married, who lies in and
who's

who's slipt into the Country ; and thus having deliver'd her Commission, she rolls home by the Play-house, except an Assignment at a Ball or an Assembly requires her Presence. This is a modern *Fine Lady's* Life in Epitome, by which you may give a tolerable Guess at the whole, for one Day is a Copy of another. Now if we compare this real Picture with that imaginary one we have already drawn of human Life as it ought to be regulated, we shall find 'em no more alike, than black and white ; and therefore I pronounce the same Sentence upon the *Fine Ladies*, as I did upon the *Beaux* and *Pretty Fellows*.

There are several other Classes of People I cou'd mention, who, notwithstanding all their fine and specious Pretences, would upon Examination be found among the Number of the Deceased ; but these two being the most potent and numerous, I content myself with insisting only upon them. If any of these can give good substantial Reasons, why they should not pass under this Censure, they are desired to declare it ; otherwise I shall in my next prescribe the Remedies proper to put a Stop to this growing Evil, which encreases so much every day, that, if not timely prevented, we shall in a short time have scarce a living Soul left among us.

A Hunt-

*A Hunting Song, to the Tune of,
There was a Jovial Beggar, &c.*

NO longer slumb'ring lie, Sir;

But to the echoing Plain,

Come quickly, quickly fly, Sir,

And join the jovial Train.

And a hunting, &c.

Let's mount the eager Steed, Sir,

Obeys the chearful Hollow;

Let's mount the Beast with Speed, Sir,

And quickly, quickly follow, &c.

The Horn already sounds, Sir,

And summons us away;

The Coursers paw the Ground, Sir,

And bid us not to stay, &c.

The Chase is now begun, Sir;

The Stag he swiftly flies;

The Dogs as nimbly run, Sir,

And charm the list'ning Skies.

And a hunting, &c.

The GAZER.

AS *Chloe* at her Window sat,
 Conversing with her Book;
 Young *Damon* peep'd into the Glass,
 In hopes of one sweet Look.

II.

But not content with single Glance,
 He stood to view her more:
 Such Eyes, such Shape, such Beauty too,
 He never saw before.

III.

He't length withdrew, but wish'd he'd ne'er
 Beheld those charming Eyes;
 For what with Love, and more Despair,
 The fatal Gazer dies.

IV.

Whilst she, from whose destructive Beams
 The fatal Lightning came,
 Rejects a dying Lover's Vows,
 And will not cool his Flame;

SONG.

OF LOVE
Verses on the SPRING:

Welcome Spring,
Thy Verdant Bowers,
Beauteous Flowers;
Welcome Spring,
And all the Joys you bring.
Nature smiles,
And ev'ry Care beguiles;
Then let in Mirth be past
Each Hour, for Time flies fast.

II.

Come, sweet Maid,
Let's venture out,
And sport about;
Come sweet Maid,
Let's seek you grateful Shade,
Warbling Chorus
Will increase our Fires,
And, as about they play,
To Love will shew the Way;

On LOVE.

IF the soft Passion does but mutual prove,
 What a vast Pleasure do we find in Love!
 When the fond Swain does no Repulses find,
 And fonder Nymph, to every Wish prove kind!
 But when we find a Nymph that is severe,
 In whose hard Breast no Stamps of Love appear;
 Then, 'tis a Torment that we love so well,
 And seeking Heav'n, we find a burning Hell

*The Power of Love. A Song. To the
 Tune of When Beauty does her Pow-
 er, &c.*

WHEN *Venus* does our Souls inspire,
 What Heart can e're resist the Fire?
 In vain our Breasts we strive to shield,
 Love, mighty Love maintains the Field,
 And makes his fiercest Foe to yield.

Love

Love gives to Age a wanton Vein,
And sweet Relapse from all its Pain.

In vain, &c.

To love the Monarch yields his Crown,
And humbly lays his Sceptre down.

In vain, &c.

By Love the Tyrant gentle grows,
And from his Breast Compassion flows.

In vain, &c.

Scholars Philosophy despise,
And read their Fate in *Chloe's* Eyes.

In vain, &c.

When Love inspires the Poet's lays,
Whole Volumes sound *Dorinda's* Praise.

In vain, &c.

Divines forget who reigns above,
And own no other God but Love.

In vain, &c.

G 2

S O N G.

SONG.

Successless *Strephon* sought the Grove,

There sat him down and sigh'd:

To hear his *Plaints*, Trees cease to move,

And murmur'ing Founts to glide.

Ah! cruel Fair, the Shepherd cry'd,

Whence all my Sorrows spring!

Still, still, must *Damon* be deny'd?

Will you no Succour bring?

Farewel false Nymph, I grieve my last;

In pity to my Woes,

Kind Death laments my Troubles past,

And offers sweet Repose.

This said, on the cold Earth he sat,

Reclin'd his Head and sigh'd:

May *Flavia* meet a milder Fate!

Then clos'd his Eyes and dy'd.

An

An Epitaph upon my Lady M—'s
Lapdog.

Beneath this Stone, ah woful Case!

Poor little *Doxy* lies,
Who once possess'd a warmer Place
Between his Lady's T—hs.

II.

Altho' this Dog, Sirs, was a Brute;

Yet had he such a Breeding,
As more with human Kind did sute.

He only wanted Reading.

III.

In Gallantry he far surpass'd

The Beau, that Ape of Nature;
And must on all hands be confess'd

By much the wiser Creature.

A Letter out of the Country, in answer to one that was sent from the Devil Tavern.

YOURS I have got,
And Sam's piping hot

From the Reverend Sign of the Devil;

And that ye were drunk

And grop'd a damn'd P—
Appears by your Letters most civil.

When first I perus'd 'em

I of Riot accus'd 'em,

Being guilty of such heinous Crimes;

If I might advise,

Let Virtue arise,

And stop the bad Current of Times.

The Reason, I fear,

Is because I'm here,

Ye both lead such reprobate Lives;

I pray you for shame

Grow little more tame,

Nor abuse the good Blessings God gives.

Errant Rakes you are grown,
Since I left the Town,
I wish no ill Fate may betide ye;
But if you won't mend
With Advice of a Friend,
The Devil himself then must guide ye.
'Tis such merry Cocks
As you get the P—x,
The Clap, and the Devil knows what;
Thank God I'm secure
In the Country pure,
Nor Whore-Master turn, nor a Sot.
You drink Bottles two,
Whereas one wou'd do,
Then stagger with Whore to a Bed;
Next Morning you wake
Complain your Limbs ake,
And a violent Pain takes your Head.
Then full of sad Cares
You kick Whore down Stairs,
And wish all her Sex at the Devil;

But

But were they all there,
 You'd plunge, I dare swear,
 For one Bit of — into Hell.
 Without all dispute,
 This Picture does sute,
 The Actions of Geo—y and Sam;
 Who never will mend,
 Till both their Lives end,
 Or P--x rot their Gullet and Ham.
 Thus impartial I've shewn,
 Crimes that were once my own;
 For many a — I've extended:
 But having some Grace,
 Lean Virtue took Place,
 And prais'd be the Lord, I am mended.

*The Farewell. To the Tune of: To all
 you Ladies, &c.*

Farewell, you happy pleasing Shades,
 And Silver purling Streams,
 You flow'ry Meads, and Verdant Glades,
 All, all fantastick Dreams!

Farewell

Farewell. you Nymphs of *Ham*—*ith*,
Who are so bonny, gay and blith.

With a fal, &c.

Adieu till *Sol* exerts his Rays,

And gives the Spring her Dress

Till *Phylomel* in mournful Lays

Renews her sad Distress.

Adieu, till wanton Spring inspires,

And fills each Breast with generous Fires.

With a fal, &c.

Then as we are wont, we'll lose the Hours

In jovial harmless Play,

Or with a Tale of past Amours

Whip on the sluggish Day;

Till all our Cares with that are fled,

And hye we to King G——'s Head.

With a fal, &c.

*A Poem on the Death of Mother
N--d--m the famous English
B--d*

WHILST other Poets sound *Calista's* Praise,
And make her Name immortal as their
Lays ;

Whilst comick Muse a mournful Aspect wears,
And *Ch--* bathes his manly Cheeks in Tears ;
Must gen'rous *N--d--m's* Shade neglected lye
Obscure without one friendly Elegy ?
Forbid it, *Venus*, and my Brain inspire
To sing thy Darling with celestial Fire.
May she stand foremost in the List of Fame,
And latest Ages reverence her Name.

*St. James's Beaux, come help me to deplore
The Loss of N--d--m, who is now no more.*

You modish fair ones, help me to rehearse
The Worth of *N--d--m* in immortal Verse.
You glitt'ring Fops cast by your rich Cockades,
In Yew and Cypress veil your mournful Heads ;
You Nymphs no more in rich Array appear,
But mourn the Exit of a Mother dear :

Mother

Mother and Friend alas she was to you,
Then let your Tears her sable Urn bedew.
To whom you Coxcombs will you now repair
For strengthening Jellies and a buxom Fair?
N--d--m the wondrous Jelly could produce,
And to the barren give prolifick Juice.
'Twas she supported the decreasing Flame,
And taught the ignorant the pleasing Game;
Mistress in Love she was of every Art,
And to each Sex that Skill she did impart.
No *Roman* Bawd in *Ovid's* gentle Strains,
Did ever more deserve a Poet's Pains.

Come all you Beaux, and help me to deplore

The Loss of N--d--m, who is now no more.

You Dames of Pleasure who her Virtues try'd,
Whether as Maid, as Widow, or as Bride:
By whose Advice you play your Parts so well
And Maid—ds twice lost for new ones sell.
To what fam'd Matron will you now apply,
To ease Misfortunes, and lost Charms supply?
To mix your Colours, and relieve your Pains,
And patch up jaded Harlots last Remains?

The Goddess Lest in her hot Bosom reign'd,
And till she dy'd the lecherous Warmth maintain'd.
Of Pimp B—d, W—re she acted all the Parts,
And never fail'd to please her Clients Hearts.

A Pimp more true ne'er stood at Chamber-door,
Of easy Pads she kept a handsome Store,
And was herself a pretty ambling Wh—re.

*Come all you Nymphs, come help me to deplore,
The Loss of N--d--m, who is now no more.*

She is no more, the mighty Task is done,
Death has his Thousands kill'd, in killing one.
Of all his Subjects, why was she design'd
To flake the Fury of his vengeful Mind?

Britain can now no more of N--d--m boast,
The greatest Bawd that ever grac'd the Coast,
Is now become a melancholy Ghost,

Her on the Shore old Charon griev'd to find,
And wou'd have willing left her Shade behind,
Of such a Blessing both to rob Mankind.

But N--d--m sure was never born to dye,
And we in vain pursue this Elegy.

'Tis true, she's gone, but where 'tis hard to tell,

She was herself too hot to feel a Hell;
You Nymphs and Swains no more for N-
If I may guess, the Ravid is still alive;
Can she, who did so many Thousands save
By her great Skill from the voracious Grave;
Can she, I say, who cou'd grim Death conquer,
Become the Tenant of a darksome Hole?
Can she who liv'd as roving as the Wind,
Within a two Foot Mansion be confin'd?
It cannot be. At her auspicious Birth,
A Planet shone illumin'd all the Earth;
When strait an ancient, Reverend Seer arose,
Wh' in Words Prophetick did her Fate disclose.
On the bright Orb he fix'd his Ardent Eyes,
Then spoke, and fill'd the Audience with Surprise:
' The Queen of Beauty sends this Orb of Fire,
' Whose poignant Rays the Infants Breast inspire,
' Who's born each Sex in soft Amours to rule,
' And make the Beau and crafty Cit her Fool;
' To give Delight, but with Delight Advice,
' And by Experience, make each Coxcomb wise.
' The Town shall seek her, tho' they know her Cheats,
' And find their Pockets empty as their Pates.

Her

I may have said, but I will not say
 But mount triumphantly to the Scaffolds
 Kind *Wives*, for her generous Deeds below
 Shall give her Darling from eternal Woe
 And interceding with her Father's Fate
 Promote the Strumpet to the Courts above
 To aid the Thunderer in Adulterous Love

When first an ancient story arose
 Wh' in Words of Fate disclosed
 On the bright Orb he fix'd his Ardent Eyes
 Then spoke, and fill'd the Audience with Surprize
 The Queen of Beauty lends this Orb of Fire
 Whole poignant Rave the Ingenious Breast inspire
 Whose born each Sex in soft Amours so rule
 And make the Beau and crudy Sir her Fool
 To give Delight, *My dear Advice*

And find their Pockets empty as their Faces.
 And find their Pockets empty as their Faces.